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Northern Messenger

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Were They Doing Wrong?

The history of the Israelites, which God has caused to be recorded in the Bible, has much to teach us on many points which come up nowadays. There is a very interesting event recorded in the eleventh chapter of the Book of Numbers.

The people had got tired of the manna with which they had been fed for some time, and complained that they had no fresh meat to eat. Moses, worried by their grumbling, complained in his turn to God that the task of managing this discontented people was too great for him. Whereupon God not only promised flesh for the people, but also told Moses to gather at the Tabernacle seventy of the chief men, upon whom He woud send His Spirit, that they might help Moses in his work.

'MY LORD MOSES, FORBID THEM!'

Moses did as he was told. The men were duly chosen and assembled, and then the Spirit of God came upon them, and they prophesied. This probably means that they spoke of God and His doings in an inspired way, and advised and taught the people; for prophecy does not always mean the foretelling of future events.

Now, two of the seventy who had been chosen were not with the others; we do not know why. But they, too, shared in the gift of the Holy Spirit, and began to prophesy in the camp, as the others were doing in the Tabernacle.

The news was brought to Moses; and Joshua, one of his young attendants, thought that their speaking ought to be stopped. 'My lord Moses,' he said, 'forbid them.' But the great leader's reply was not what Joshua expected.

'Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put His spirit upon them!'

The answer shows the true greatness of the man. He was not jealous because God was appointing others to share in the work which he had hitherto done alone. The task was greater than he could do unaided; then God speed all who would help to do it, and increase their number!

We need to remember this in the present day. There is so much sin and suffering in the world that there is plenty of work for all who will help to make things better. Others may not think just as we think; they may not act in what we think would be the best way. But if they are fighting against sin and suffering, if they are teaching others about God and helping them to live a better life, then by all means cheer them on. There will still be plenty of work for us!—'Friendly Greetings.'

A Summer's Work.

(Zelia M. Walters, in the 'Religious Intelligencer.')

The germ of laziness had certainly entered into Ralph's veins that summer. He came home from college to find the family settled in their new country home.

'We're all going to rest this summer,' said the mother, who was realizing the dream of her life in living in the country. And Ralph found himself heartily in accord with the rest idea.

He lay abed until an unheard-of hour in the morning, and sometimes spent a good part of the remainder of the day in the hammock. His mother tried to interest him in the beauties of nature about him, but in vain.

'I don't want to observe the flowers—and bugs,' he declared. 'I had to do it all the spring at college, and I dug in good and hard, but now I'm going to rest.'

Things changed a little the week Cousin Janet came. Ralph got up early for five mornings in succession, because there was some excursion in the fields and woods planned for every day. On Saturday Ralph declared that he meant to sleep until nine the next morning. 'That will give me just time to get to church,' he added.

The family still attended the city church to which they belonged before coming to the country.

'I'm not going to a city church,' said Janet. 'I can do that any time at home. I want to visit that little white church across the river. And I think we will go in time for Sunday school. Don't you think so, Ralph?'

Perhaps Ralph stifled a little groan. Sunday school was at nine, and the church was a mile away. There could be no Sunday morning nap. But Ralph was a well-bred young fellow, and he agreed pleasantly.

When they reached the little church the next day, they found it was well they came for Sunday school, because there was no church services. The little congregation was no church service. The little congregation was too poor to hire a minister.

Ralph and Janet did good service. Each taught a class. Janet played the organ, and Ralph rather nervously acceded to the elder's request and talked to the Sunday school. All his nervousness vanished, however, when he arose, and he surprised everyone by the excellence of his lesson review.

'Ralph,' cried Janet, as soon as they had started home, 'we must adopt that Sunday school, and work hard all summer.'

'All right,' agreed Ralph, heartily.

And they did.

As a first step, they invited all of the

family to attend. There were eight of them, and they made quite an addition to the school. Then Ralph made the school a present of some much-needed song-books. Edith, the eldest, was fired with an ambition to provide a library for the scholars, and, undeterred by the teasing, or the title of 'Miss Carnegie,' which her brothers fastened upon her, she went about among her friends, securing books and contributions until she had 150 volumes of good literature for the adopted Sunday school.

The most charming thing about these new workers was that they did not attempt to control or dominate. They were content to work simply and earnestly in the first vacant place, without making the older members feel that they were being pushed back. So harmony and good fellowship remained.

Ralph and Janet and Edith began making calls on the people, who did not attend church at all, and in a little while the small room was filled. Of course, many of the new-comers fell away again, but, as Janet said, they had been to church at least once in their lives. And a few of them became regular attendants.

They were talking over the question of hiring a preacher for part of the time, when Elder Graham arose, and, putting his hand on Ralph's shoulder, said, 'I'd like to hear a sermon from this young man.'

'Me?' cried Ralph. 'Why, I can't preach.'

Now, they had all enjoyed Ralph's little talks in Sunday school, so they all declared that they were sure he could preach if he tried. And when Ralph went home, he had promised to deliver a sermon the next Sunday.

The family saw but little of Ralph that week. He certainly realized the solemnity of his undertaking, and the responsibility that attaches to one who attempts to give God's word to the people.

Every sentence of the sermon was re-written and scrutinized with care. Then lest some unconsidered phrase should creep in, he learned it by heart. He had often given college orations, and taken part in debate, but no speech, even in a contest, had ever caused him so much concern as this.

When Sunday came, the church was crowded. Ralph was pale with emotion, but he did not lack courage, and his mother's happy face smiling up from the first seat was an admonition for him to do his best.

And his best turned out to be very good indeed. They crowded about him after it was done. Some even declared that it was the best sermon they had ever heard.

After that Ralph discovered that his summer work lay right at hand. He prepared a sermon for the church every Sunday during the vacation. And the fact that he was preaching the gospel, even though unordained, made many changes in the young man.

One day, as the vacation was drawing to a close, he said to his mother, 'I believe I have found my life-work as well as my summer work.'

'Be careful, son,' she warned him; 'that is something requiring long and earnest consideration. The country is full of preachers that they have mistaken their calling.'

'I'm not going to decide hastily,' he answered. 'I'm going to take a whole year to think about it. If I am of the same opinion at the end of that time, I shall make my decision. You don't know how I've liked it. And it's not just because every one was so kind to me and praised me so much, but I really liked the work. Of course, I may get a different light in a year's time, but I believe I shall feel as I do now.'

'I shall be very happy if you do,' said his mother, 'for I think you are the best preacher I ever heard.'

Missionary Furloughs.

Why should missionaries take any furloughs? Why not stay at their posts and die there? First, to prolong life, because a live missionary is of more use than a dead one. The death of a missionary in a foreign land creates a ripple of sorrow which extends through the churches in a sentimental fashion, but does very little toward increasing the funds or sending a man to take his place. Second, to preserve health, because a well missionary, as a rule, can accomplish more than a sick one. How frequently the furlough should be taken is a question which comes up for an annual airing.

A missionary who came out to Burma in 1830 did not leave the country for twenty-five years. By that time he had contracted a chronic complaint, which a few months in a cold climate could not remove; and, although he was spared to labor for twenty years more, he could not do what he might have done had he been a well man. Another who came out a few years later, and remained seventeen years before going home, was met by an officer of his society with the question, asked in no pleasant tone: 'What have you come home for?' Another who had had two terms of ten years each on the field, on asking to be allowed to go home in the ninth year of his third term, on account of failing health, was asked officially to 'hold on another year, if possible.'

I do not mean to imply that the officials are unfeeling; they echo only the Christian public who do not cordially welcome a returned missionary. At the same time, if a man or woman can speak in an entertaining manner, they are constantly in demand by the churches, 'to arouse their interest' in foreign missions. Only the other day it was reported in one of our papers that a certain missionary from China had spoken almost every day for the past six months! Some years ago one missionary, who was unable to speak much in public, preached earnestly and feelingly in a prominent church near Boston from the text, 'For the love of Christ constraineth us.' After the sermon I heard him criticised in the vestibule, because he had not entertained his hearers with accounts of perils and hair-breadth escapes in pursuing his work.—A Missionary, in the 'Baptist Missionary Review.'

What I Live For.

Dr. Guthrie used to say that there were more religion, good sense and poetry in the following than in all other similar efforts he had ever read:

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The nobles of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail the season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those that love me,
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
'Twixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those that love me,
For those that know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Those that do most for the heathen abroad are those that do most for the heathen at home.—John G. Paton.

The Meaning of the Cross.

Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh, relates how, one morning at family worship, he had been reading about the 'Cross,' and he stooped down and whispered to his little four-year old boy at his knee:

'Do you know what a cross is, my boy?'

'Oh! yes, father,' was the reply; 'it's just the thing we climb on when we go to heaven.'

'Could even John Calvin have given a better definition?' asked the delighted preacher.

'Ah! my little boy,' he continued, 'when you are as old a sinner as your father, you'll know experimentally the truth of your words.'

There is much more in the lad's reply, imperfect though it is, than he knew; but the main thought in his mind was that the death of Christ, in its atoning value, was the medium by which he was to reach eternal happiness. The Cross is the medium through which all heaven's blessing comes to us.—'Christian Age.'

More, More About Jesus.

More about Jesus would I know,
On His errands of love to go;
More in His Holy Word to scan;
Telling it out to dying man.

Cho.—More, more about Jesus,
More, more about Jesus,
More of His saving fulness see.
More of His love who died for me.

More of His presence in my heart,
Love and mercy to impart,
More of His Holy Spirit feel,
Filling my soul with heavenly zeal.

More in my ear His loving voice,
Making His paths my only choice;
More of His consecrating power
Coming to me in every hour.

More in His loving arms to lie,
Never once thinking to moan or cry;
A child on its loving mother's breast,
Lulled by her lullaby to rest.

More of heaven my words to be;
More on wings my thoughts to flee,
Less of this world to think each day,
Having my eyes the other way.

—Unidentified.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the maintenance of the launch: C. E. D., $10.00; A Friend, $10.00; Total .. .. $ 20.00
Received for the cots: Back River, $2.00; A Friend, Paneboro, N.S., $1.00 Total 3.00

Previously acknowledged for the launch $486.39
Previously acknowledged for the cots .. .. $ 95.98
Previously acknowledged for the komatik .. .. $ 66.25

Total received up to July 16 .. .. $671.02

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, indicating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

All contributions in the way of clothing, etc., must be sent to Miss Roddick, 80 Union Ave., Montreal.

An Appreciation.

2 Boswell Ave.,
July 12, 1907.
Toronto.

The Pictorial Pub. Co.,
Dear Sirs,—
Congratulations on the frontispiece of the July 'Canadian Pictorial' which I consider very fine.

Yours, etc.,
F. Miatt.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, AUGUST 11, 1907.

The Sin of Nadab and Abihu.

Leviticus x., 1-11. Memory verse, 9. Read Lev. viii.—x.

Golden Text.

Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. xx., 1.

Home Readings

Monday, August 5.—Ex. xxiv., 1-15.

Tuesday, August 6.—Ex. xxx., 1-10.

Wednesday, August 7.—Lev. viii., 13-30.

Thursday, August 8.—Lev. ix., 8-24.

Friday, August 9.—Lev. x., 1-20.

Saturday, August 10.—Num. xvi., 1-22.

Sunday, August 11.—Num. xvi., 23-46.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Who can remember anything about the beautiful tent temple that God told the Israelites to build? We were studying about it last Sunday, with its beautiful curtains and lovely golden furniture. All the people had been busy over building it for several months, and God appointed special men called priests and Levites to look after it. But do you suppose God just wanted it built like this because it was beautiful? No, indeed. Everything about and in it was intended to teach the people some lesson, and God was very particular that everything should be done his way, because he knew best. One day Rob's teacher told him to draw a picture on his slate, and to start at the top of the slate, not at the bottom. Rob thought it really couldn't matter how he started so long as the picture was drawn, so he started at the bottom, and drew up to the top. When he had finished, however, he found that while he was drawing the top, his hand had been rubbing out all that he had drawn before. So he learned that the way you do things really does matter after all. Just after this beautiful tabernacle was finished there were two of the priests who were something like Rob, that is, they thought that the way they served in the temple really did not matter so long as they did what they had to do. God had particularly told them what to do, and how to do it, but they thought their own way was just as good, and they disobeyed God. This sad lesson tells us that God punished them by death. There was another thing that God was very particular about, and that was that none of his priests serving in his temple should drink strong drink.

The verses dealing with this can easily be explained. The prohibition was made not only for the sake of the priests themselves (verse 10), but that they might be fit guides for the people (verse 11). These two reasons are equally forceful to God's children to-day.

FOR THE SENIORS.

There is some little doubts as to what is referred to by the expression 'strange fire' in verse 1, but taking together Lev. ix., 24.; vi., 12, 13; xvi., 12, and other such passages, it is reasonable to suppose that the fire on the altar of burnt offering, kindled by direct divine act, maintained continually by the priests, and in fact specifically mentioned in some cases, was the fire designated by God for use with the incense in all cases. But whatever it may be, it was an act committed knowingly in disobedience of God's command. If thoughtlessly done, it was none the less deserving of its punishment. God had been for months impressing on the people his own holiness, and the fact that punishment followed the breaking of his law. In the very first day of regular service, and in the eyes of all the people, these men, his representatives, dare to neglect his express command. It was almost a direct challenge of the truth of his word, and was followed by the decreed punishment (Ex. xix., 22). That it was the spirit of the act, which displeased God is evident as this same chapter records a second infringement of rule (verses 16-20), that at first roused Moses to anger but on Aaron's presentation of the case 'he was content.' The touch is very beautiful; Aaron and his remaining sons uttered no cry of grief at God's judgment, but they had not the heart to eat the customary meal. They had in a very terrible manner 'offered their sin offering, and their burnt offering before the Lord,' and Aaron truly realized that God did not require of them an appearance of callous indifference they did not feel.

The close conjunction of verses 8-11 with the foregoing tragedy hint the possibility that it was under the influence of drink that Nadab and Abihu sinned. But whether or no this may be, the lesson makes a strong temperance study. We as Christians are the temples of God, and have no more right to defile his temple in a small way than had Nadab and Abihu. Anything that is indulged in detrimental to our bodily good, even apart from moral danger, is a sin against God, and if the moderate drinker considers his a small and negligible sin, let him consider God's judgment on Nadab and Abihu.

SELECTIONS FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.'

The Necessity of the Punishment. It was the same as the necessity for all punishment, —in its justice, in its measurement of the evil of the sin, and its prevention of crime. No government of imperfect people can exist or does exist without it. 'As has just been pointed out, the ritual system had been inaugurated on that very day. All was new and strange, easily dislodged, depreciated, or corrupted, and therefore needing special guarding. The bud needs, and has protection from rough husks, which the flower can do without. This swift death of offenders against the new order has its parallel in the swift death of Ananias and Sapphira, which is to be vindicated on similar grounds. There, too, the necessity was stringent for instant removal of a springing root of bitterness, by which many might be defiled, and for saving the young life of the community from disease, which, unchecked, might infect its whole future. . . . To insist on strict obedience was not the pedantry of ritual martinetism, but the carefulness which stops the smallest crack in the "levee" that alone keeps millions of acres from being drowned by the Missippi. If we think of all that hung on the question whether Israel was to keep itself unspotted from the heathen world around it, and its various cults, perhaps this tremendous judgment will assume a different aspect. . . . The command applied to the priestly order; but all Christians are priests, and their office binds them to loftier lives of more speckless purity, and involves them in sorer chastisements if they stain their garments. Amos had brooded over Moses' words, and reproduced them for the nation: "You only have I known of all the families of the earth: therefore I will visit upon you all your iniquities;" and Peter echoes them when he speaks of "judgment to begin at the house of God."' —Alexander Maclaren, in 'Sunday School Times.'

'A number of gentlemen in the State of New York, came together to value certain parcels of land which were to be offered at public sale. They agreed unanimously upon the sum they were worth; but upon the day of the sale the owner cunningly treated them to alcoholic drinks, and one of them bid and actually paid four times as much for the property as he or any other man in his right senses thought it worth. A temperance man, having some standing timber to be disposed of at public sale, decided that he would not furnish any alcoholic liquors to the bidders, as was the custom in that day. The auctioneer replied: "I am sorry, for you will lose a great deal of money. I know how it works, for after men have been drinking the trees look much larger to them than they did before." A vendue master in Connecticut said: "I have often in this way got more than ten times the value of the drinks that I have furnished." Horse jockeys, gamblers, thieves, wholesale merchants, and commercial travellers often furnish alcoholic drinks for similar purposes.—Julia Coleman, in 'Independent.'

1. Disobedience to God's laws is the road to death, whether it be disobedience to his moral laws or to the laws of health and right use of our bodies.

2. Even the moderate use of strong drink shortens the life in years, and shortens it still more in its effective power.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

I. Cor. iii., 16, 17; Psa. lxxxix., 7; I. Cor. x., 11; Luke xii., 48; I. Sam. xv., 22.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 11.—Topic—The teachings of the trees. Ps. civ., 16-18; i., 1-6.

Junior C. E. Topic.

COMMON BLESSINGS.

Monday, August 5.—God's manifold mercies. Neb. ix., 27, 28.

Tuesday, August 6.—His tender mercies Ps. li., 1.

Wednesday, August 7.—His loving-kindness. Ps. ciii., 2-5.

Thursday, August 8.—The multitude of his mercies. Isa. lxiii., 7.

Friday, August 9.—Always merciful. Ps. xxv., 6, 7.

Saturday, August 10.—His kindness shall not depart. Isa. liv., 10.

Sunday, August 11.— Topic—Every-day mercies. Lam. iii., 22-25.

From the Sunny South.

The scope of the 'Canadian Pictorial' could not be better shown than by the following letter from one of our young agents in the West India Islands:

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BOYS AND GIRLS

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(Continued.)

'I think you will bear me out,' said he, 'that I have always set you an example of self-restraint. There are some weak-kneed souls who claim that the only safety lies in total abstinence. I cannot agree with them, for I think that ,as a rule, their self-assumed righteousness is in the worst possible taste, and it is neither wise nor gentlemanly to make one's self conspicuous, except when some great principle is at stake, and even then I often think that more is gained, in the long run, by unostentatious silence than by a loud-mouthed profession of our own belief. Still it is possible to err on the other side, and if you feel ,that alcohol, which should be a willing and pleasant servant, is becoming your master, I should certainly advise you to abstain entirely rather than give way to it. That, however, is a contingency which I am sure is not likely to happen to a son of mine.'

Of course Cuthbert, though on the very brink of that contingency which his father thought so remote, cordially agreed with everything said, and, indeed, he expressed his contempt of the feebly-fibred abstainer in even stronger words than Norwood Hayes himself.

'Mr. Nuncaster,' he continued, 'is a Christian gentleman, a deacon at Cod Street Chapel. He has promised me to look after you as if you were his own (Cuthbert did not relish this piece of information). Let me beg of you, therefore, if ever you should happen to get into any little trouble, as we are all liable to do, to make as great a confidant of him as you would of me. I am sure he will advise and guide you even better than I could.'

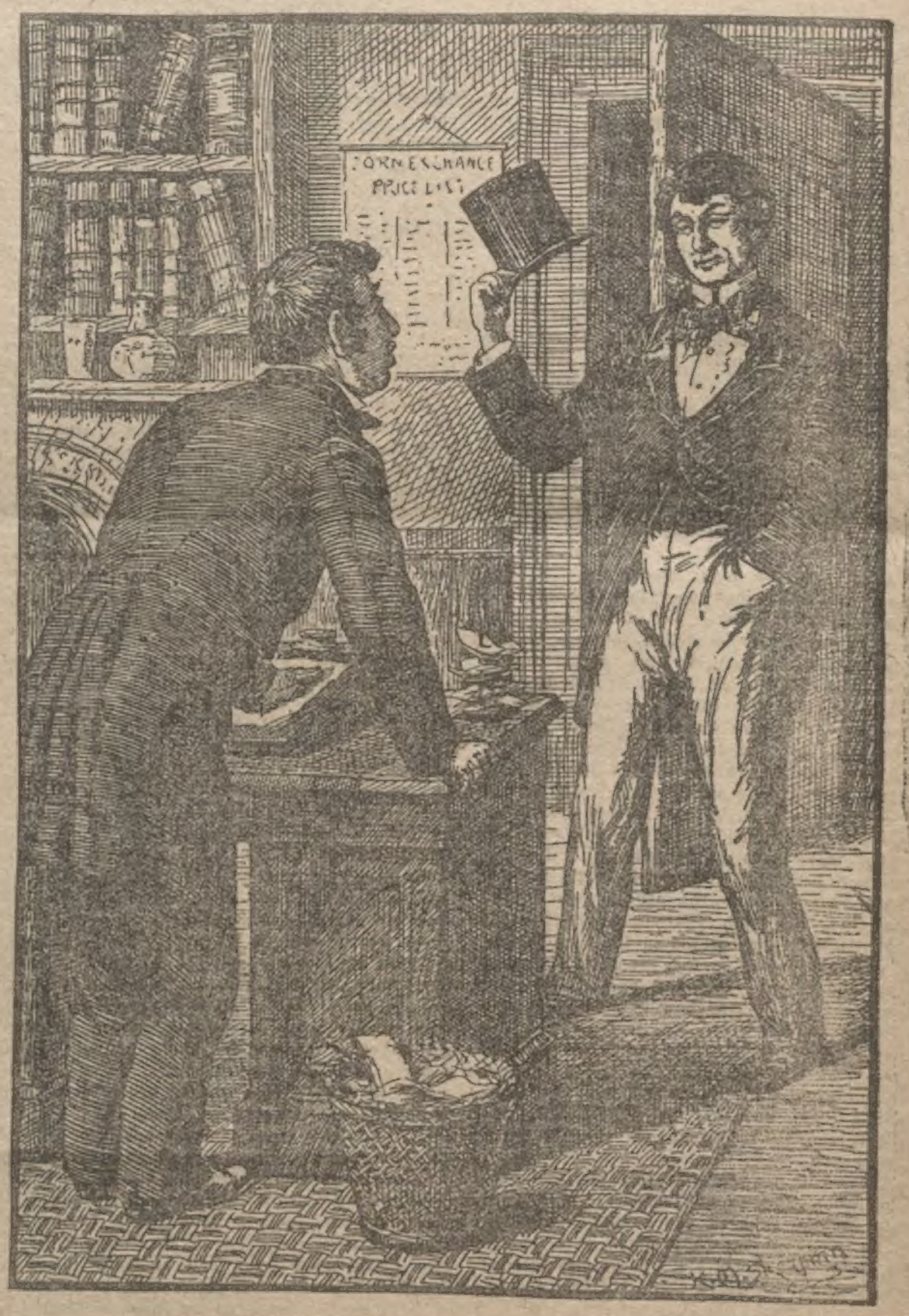
And thus Norwood Hayes, having equipped his son's bark with a balloon by way of an anchor, launched him out upon the stormy waves of life. This, at best, risky experiment meant to Cuthbert Hayes, certain, speedy, and total shipwreck.

Mr. Nuncaster did all that could be reasonably expected of him for young Cuthbert. In the first place, he took lodgings for him in a respectable part of the town, which lodgings he vacated for more congenial quarters within a month, as the landlady objected to the unconscionable hours he kept. He also took a sitting for him at Cod Street, which he occupied twice, and twice only; and he invited him up to dinner on a Sunday, but, as he entertained him afterwards by going to sleep, this privilege was soon dispensed with likewise.

In business matters he was equally considerate. As young Hayes was only to be with them a short time ,and, indeed, had no need to be there at all, he did not bother him by keeping him at the desk, but at once introduced him to the brighter side of a cornfactor's life—the corn-exchange, the bar of the 'Double Locks'—the former the place where business was nominally done, and the latter the place where it was actually transacted, over a friendly bottle of wine or two, or more, as it happened. It really did not take long to learn the corn business in those days; it's just about as simple even now. It is worked on the plan of 'setting a sprat to catch a whale.' When you are buying, you lay out the 'sprat' on liquor ,till you have made the other man fool enough to let you have his corn at your own price, and similarly when selling. When the bargain is concluded, you have another drink to settle it.

Cuthbert was an apt pupil. Though he had at first nothing to buy or sell, he nevertheless picked up the other part of the business with wonderful facility, and when he came to conduct some slight operations for his firm he was an adept. Then he tried a speculation or two on his own account with phenomenal success, and as a result turned up at the office in the afternoon unequivocably drunk. Mr. Nuncaster sent him home in a cab.

On the morrow he remonstrated with him. Cuthbert was apologetic, and within the



AT THE OFFICE IN THE AFTERNOON UNEQUIVOCABLY DRUNK.

week was drunk again in office hours. This time he had made a splendid bargain for the firm, and somehow or other Mr. Nuncaster failed to observe his young clerk's condition.

Of course Cuthbert got into a 'capital set,' so much so that he almost forgot what it was to rise without a splitting headache in the morning, which could only be conquered by a 'hair of the dog that bit him.'

Gradually he became conscious that the drink-habit was mastering him, but still he was unable to shake himself free. Then he made a fool of himself by getting thoroughly drunk on one or two occasions before the bargain was struck, and so landing his firm in for two or three very poor things. Thereupon his governor informed him that if this occurred again he would have no further need of his services, and for his father's sake he made a valiant effort to keep himself straight, but the fatal bound had been passed, and he found himself powerless to resist the craving for drink.

At last the crisis came. Mr. Nuncaster sent Cuthbert home, and wrote to his father regretting that he had not informed him of his son's weakness, for had he done so he might then have been able to have avoided this unpleasant occurrence. He was greatly sorry for it, but when, after repeated war-

ings, Cuthbert persisted in appearing on the Corn Exchange in a state of intoxication, it was no longer possible to keep him, if only for the credit of the firm.

Cuthbert followed this letter to Netherborough. When he saw his father he informed him in a drunken serious manner that he had thoroughly learnt the business.

Norwood Hayes did his best, when too late, to retrieve his son. Cuthbert would have drink. The locks that defied his mother were of no avail against him; he broke them open and helped himself. There were no homes for inebriates then-a-day, but at last Norwood Hayes had to put his son under a doctor's care, and the house he lived in had iron bars across the windows, and the doors were kept locked. Norwood Hayes was a broken, disappointed man, but the lesson was almost learnt.

Young Cuthbert Hayes had but a short stay in Mr. Nuncaster's office, though it was long enough to ruin him body and soul. He had not been in Hull long at the time of Tom Smart's breakdown and death, and though I have followed him more particularly for a time, it must not be considered that events at Netherborough stood still.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

One of the annual events which most stirred the calm of Netherborough life into something like excitement, was the ODD FELLOWS' FEAST. I put it down in capitals for the sake of auld lang syne. To me, in the days of childhood, it was nothing less than a red letter day. There was no school that day, and as my schoolmaster was of the strictly Rhadamanthus order, a whole day's holiday made the 'feast' as welcome as a gift from the gods.

Then there was the 'great procession!' Three hundred men adorned with blue sashes and rosettes, each sash embroidered in gold thread with the symbol of the lodge, and there were the officers in gleaming regalia. These all marched along the Netherborough streets, headed by an enormous silken flag, on which was painted the cozy home of a thrifty Odd Fellow, and the quaint device of the 'Royal Albert Lodge;' while many smaller flags and bannerets were carried by bearers placed at intervals on the line of march.

The importance of the festival and the crowd of holiday makers made it worth the while for the vendors of nuts, gingerbread, and other bilious edibles, to erect their stalls in the market-place; and there was also that which gave the holiday an added glory, namely, pence in my usually impecunious pocket, all for my spending on that delightful day. Do I not well to 'gush' a little on this subject, and to celebrate in capitals the Odd Fellows' feast.

After the members of the club had sufficiently perambulated the town, and impressed the eyes of the citizens with the external glories of Odd Fellowship, they returned to the starting-place, the 'Netherborough Arms.' All the monthly meetings of the clubs were held in that hospitable hostelry, whose 'Arms' were always open, in more senses than one, to take them in.

The result of this absurd and suicidal arrangement was that many of the members of the club expended more money at the bar and in the tap room than the useful economies of club-thrift amounted to. These ensured them an allowance in time of sickness, and a grant at death, to make the blow fall more lightly on the widow and the orphans left behind! Thank God, that in these wiser days that folly is abated. Friendly Societies, I believe, are compelled to hold their 'lodges' in better-quarters, and that financial leakage and stultifying folly is largely stopped.

(To be Continued.)

Does Your Subscription Expire This Month?

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, it is time that renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance. When renewing, why not take advantage of the fine clubbing offers announced elsewhere in this issue?

The Four Sunbeams

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
Shining and dancing along on their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest.
'Let us try,' they all whispered, 'some kindness to do,
Not seek our own pleasuring all the day through,
Then meet in the eve at the west.'

One sunbeam ran in at a low cotage door,
And played 'hide and seek' with a child on the floor,
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased with delight its strange playmate so bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before them would flee.

One crept to a couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,
Its bird songs, and beauty, and bloom;
Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest,
And in fancy he roamed through the scene he loved best,
Far from the dim, darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a girl that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,
And lifted her white face again.
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On the hands that were folded and pale.
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
That never would gaze on the beautiful light
Till angels had lifted the veil.

—Author unknown.

Four Victories in One Day.

Has it ever struck you that David's victory over Giant Goliath was only the last of four victories he gained that day?

1. No sooner had David reached the field of battle that morning, than the giant's challenge sounded out; instantly the Israelities were filled with fear, and fled before him. Now a panic is most infectious; it spreads more quickly than measles or mumps. How was it that the shepherd lad was the only one who did not fear? He got the victory over the natural tendency to run away with the rest, because he was in touch with God, linked by simple trust to One mightier than his foe. Are you in touch with God? Or are you one of those who go with the stream, and do foolish things just because everyone else around you is doing the same?

2. David's eldest brother heard him talking of going to accept the challenge of the giant, and instead of admiring his pluck and encouraging him to do so, Eliab began to sneer sarcastically at David: 'With whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness. I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thine heart!' These unkind words, and the tone in which they were said, were enough to put anyone in a temper unless he was in touch with God. With a ruffled temper the best marksman in the world will miss the target; but David was hiding in God, and no angry passion swelled his breast.

3. With five smooth stones and his sling in his hand he went forward to meet Goliath; and when the giant looked about and saw David; he disdained him, for he was but a youth; and the Philistine cursed David. Did David answer him back with curses, as many other men would have done?? No, David's lips belonged to God. He says nothing that he would not like God to hear. Under great provocation how many people will resort to bad language. Had David done so he would have had no right to expect God to fight for him, and the flush of temper might easily have excited his nerves and made his aim unsteady.

4. But again David wins a victory. With brave, pure, trustful words he answered the giant, and then with unerring aim slung the stone which laid his enemy low. You and I need David's simple trust in God, that we, like him, may conquer the fear of man, hasty temper, and the misuse ofthe tongue, before we can go forth to fight the giant evils that are warring against the people of God. H. G. Harris, B.A., in the London 'Christian.'

The Permanent Weakness of Indulgence.

It is not necessary to sin in order to get a new start. The Devil would like to have us think it is. Sin looks so attractive beforehand, and so repulsive afterward, that it sometimes seems as though our only hope for seeing sin in its true light, and thereby turning from it, is to pass through it and taste its bitterness. But to yield is only to make the fight for all life-time harder. Every yielding lessens our chance of permanent victory, and increases the chance of eternal ruin. 'After this once, you can turn from it forever,' is the lying assurance of the Father of Lies. 'Do it this once, and I'll have you forever," is his real hope.—'S. S. Times."

If I Were You, My Dear.

I wouldn't turn my head to look after fine dresses or impertinent men.

I wouldn't forget to sew the braid around the bottom of my skirt or the button on my shoe.

I wouldn't conclude that every man who said something pleasant to me had fallen in love with me.

I wouldn't feel that I was an ill-treated personage because, though I could play pleasantly, my friends didn't count me a modern Mozart.

I would not, when I could have only one dress, choose a conspicuous one.

I would not, because I was tired and nervous, give snappy, ill-natured replies to questions asked me by those who really cared for me.

I would not get into the habit of speaking in a familiar way of the men I know. When you make them Tom, Dick and Harry they are apt to consider you as Kate, Nell, or Molly.

I would not permit any girl friend to complain to me of her mother—it is like listening to blasphemy.—Selected.

Eskimo Gratitiude.

The Eskimos of Alaska are an interesting people in many respects, but the fates seem to be against them.

'These singular people,' says a recent author, 'are hospitable in their primitive way. They are, of course, totally deficient in all the formalities and polite usages of cilivization. On entering one of the huts you are never asked to sit down, or when leaving you are never asked to call again. When they visit a white man's cabin they do not knock, but open the door and walk in without any ceremony. When they take their departure they do so in the same informal manner. They are unquestionably grateful for favors shown them, yet when you do them a kindness there is no outward sign or expression of gratitude at the time.

'A native lad about sixteen years of age came into my cabin one morning, suffering with an acute bowel complaint. I happened to have a preparation for this trouble in my medicine-chest, and administered to him a dose according to directions. It relieved him somewhat, and after eating his dinner he returned home, a distance of some ten miles. In a week or ten days he came back, bringing with him a number of curios, which he had wrapped with care in a small canvas sack. Taking the curios out of the sack one by one, and unwrapping them carefully, he laid them on my table, saying as he did so, in his broken English, "You like 'em?" Receiving an affirmative reply, he said, "You catch 'em," at the same time shoving the articles towards me.

'I thought the young man was bent upon a trade, so to please him I laid out upon the table a number of edible articles, together with a red bandanna handkerchief—a red handkerchief, is prized very highly by all the

natives—and awaited his decision. It was soon forthcoming.

'"Me no catch 'em," he said, pointing to the articles which I had selected for him. "Me no trade him you," pointing to the articles which he had placed upon the tables, "Me give him you." He left the trinkets with me, but would not accept a thing in return for them.

'Some four weeks afterward this Indian boy came to my cabin again. He brought with him on his second visit a pair of small snow-shoes and a miniature Eskimo sled. He had been told that I had a little boy at home, and he made me understand that he had made the snow-shoes and sled for him, insisting that I should take them, which I did; but he stoutly resisted anything in return for them. All this was to show his appreciation of the little act of kindness which I had done for him.'—London 'Christian.'

Word.

I like those words that carry in their veins
The blood of lions. 'Liberty' is one,
And 'Justice,' and the heart leaps to the sun
When the thrilled note of 'Courage! Courage!' rains
Upon the sorely stricken will. No pains
Survive when 'Life' and 'Light,' twin glories, run
From the quick page to some poor soul undone,
And beggar by their glow all other gains.

How splendid does 'Morning' flood our night!
How the word 'Oceans' drowns our insect cares,
And drives a strong wind through our housed-up grief.
While 'Honor' lifts us to the mountain height;
And 'Loyalty' the heaviest burden bears
As lightly as a tree a crimson leaf.
—Ethelwyn Wetherald, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.'

Strength Through Strain.

A man came to Sir Andrew Clark complaining of depression, inability to do his work, and that he was tempted to rely on stimulants, and when the patient declared that he would be unequal to his work and would sink, he replied: 'Then sink like a man.'

We need to have done with the servile creed that we must follow our impulses, and give in to every over-mastering temptation. Strength is got through the strain. Each life has its own besetting temptations, its own share of trial, and is menaced somewhere by danger. That is the natural environment for growth in grace and gracious life.

It is the common human experience for the training of character, for the making of true manhood and womanhood. To refuse to see the discipline is to empty life of any moral significance, and even to empty life of any meaning at all. But when we have a glimmering of the great and inspiring thought that is the will of God for us, even our sanctification, we see how it must be, as Paul asserts, that 'God is faithful, Who will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able, but will with the temptation also make a way of escape that we may be able to bear it.'—'Presbyterian.'

A Lesson From A Lad's Fish-pole.

He was the happiest lad you ever saw after he had taken that fish. It was indeed a beauty. Tugging it up from the creek our laddie was not satisfied until he had shown it to every one in the house and then dropped it on the scales. When the beam tipped at two pounds his joy was unspeakable, for no one could remember when a fish eighteen inches long and weighing two whole pounds had been taken from that stream.

How did he catch it?

'I worked for that fish two whole hours. He was the cutest fellow! Two or three times I thought I had him, and just then he would flip his tail and scud away. I thought he never would come back; but he did, and then I gave him a bit of a prick with the hook that I was sure would send him away forever, but it didn't. He came back just as shy! And I watched for him till just as you called, and then I took him! Oh, isn't he a beauty!'

Fishing for other things is done the same way. Shall we get our lesson from the lad's fish-pole?

In the first place, there are still as good fish in the sea as ever have been caught. Sometimes we forget that. We get in a hurry, and think all the best fish have been taken. No use of our ever trying to get anything worth while. The banks of the stream are lined with fishermen. If we get anything, it will be nothing but 'minnies.' This is not a brave way to look at it. Far better to say, 'If anybody can get good fish out of this stream, I can, and I'll do it too!' That is the spirit that wins.

And then, hosts of people are fishing with the wrong kind of hooks. You cannot catch trout with hooks big enough for sharks. A good many times it seems to us we must have a monstrous hook, and we spend all we have and are to get one. All the time the largest fish in the stream where we are to cast our line is not more than eighteen inches long. It takes a smart man to fit himself for just the work he is to do in the world. A good share of the failures in life are due to the fact that men get ready to do something else rather than what they really settle down to do.

'I WORKED FOR THAT FISH AS MUCH AS TWO HOURS.'

But when we are all ready for our fishing, it is a good thing to take counsel of our laddie. What did he say?

'I worked for that fish as much as two hours!'

Oh, the haste with which we do our fishing! We cast in our line, and if we do not get a bite within the next three minutes we are inclined to pull up the pole and go on to some other place. 'This is no place to fish!' we declare. 'They have all been taken out. No use to waste time here!'

Two hours for a single fish! Seemed like a waste of time; but in the end there was the two-pounder. It pays to wait. Waiting is no fun. The sun is hot. This rock is hard to sit on. We will surely burn our hands and neck to a blisiter. To-morrow people will laugh at us for putting in the whole day and bringing in an empty bag.

True; but fish are wary. They dodge in and out, playing with our hopes and fears and trying our patience sorely. The best fish are the hardest to get. We tire of waiting and soon we get up, reel in the line and go home with minnows scarcely six inches long; and all the time there are two-pounders left behind. Some one will take them; no doubt about that. Then we will bemoan our loss and talk about our bad luck when the fact is, we might have had the best there is if we had only been satisfied to wait and keep steady watch of the line.

So let us watch the line.

There is still another thing. We cannot catch the best fish and be thinking of something else, our eyes far away on the clouds drifting away. The clouds are beautiful; no doubt about that. It stirs the heart to stand sometimes and see them float by on the wings of the wind. But the time to do that is not when you are after fish. Now we must be alert. The thoughts must be on the bob. We must feel the faintest nibble on the hook. Every nerve must be tense and strained for the greater thing.

There is something of the true fisherman in every man or woman that wins in the work of all the world. The story of the fisher lad is the story of all successful men to-day. Get ready. Work. Be patient. Keep the heart true to its purpose.—'Young Folks.'

The Man Of Toil.

Man of Toil, would'st thou be free?
  Lend thine ear to Reason's call.
There's folly in the drunkard's glee—
  There's madness in the midnight brawl.
The ribald jest, the vulgar song
  May give a keener sting to care;
The riot of a reckless throng
  May lead to ruin and despair;
Let Truth unloose thy fettered soul—
There is no freedom in the bowl.

Man of Toil, would'st thou be wise?
  The paths of moral right explore;
Pierce the human heart's disguise,
  And track its motives to the core.
Creation's boundless beauties scan,
  Observe its wonders—search its laws;
Look on the vast harmonious plan
  And learn to love the Eternal Cause;
Let Truth illumine thy dark soul—
There is no wisdom in the bowl.

Man of Toil, would'st thou be blest?
  Give thy finest feeling play;
Bring all that's noble to thy breast,
  Let all that's worthless pass away.
Let generous deeds bid sorrow cease,
  Let gentlest words thy lips employ;
Scatter the seeds of love and peace,
  And reap a harvest full of joy;
Let Truth make glad the harassed soul—
There are no blessings in the bowl.

—Manchester 'Times.'

The Lawyer's Story.

The young men had made great preparations for their fishing trip into the Indian territory, and their disappointment was deep when, on the very morning they were to start, the lawyer, whom they all liked, told them he could not go. To make the matter worse, his explanations were very lame and unsatisfactory; it was evident that he had given up the trip for some reason which he hesitated to name.

As a last resort the others went in a body—six of them—to his office, and demanded that he tell them exactly why he had deserted, when he had been most enthusiastic in planning the outing.

'If you're really to understand it,' he said, 'I shall have to begin with my own boyhood. My father, the best father, I think, that a boy ever had, always showed me a tenderness which even as a child I know was somehow different from the love which my playmates had from their parents. It was not until I was perhaps fourteen years old that he told me why this was so.

'Although he himself lived a most exemplary life, his father, his father's father and two of his uncles had been drunkards. The taste for liquor he believed to be hereditary in our family, and in me he had recognized many of the traits he himself possessed, and which had made his own life a long fight against the habit of drink. He pointed out the danger that lay before me, and begged me to give him my promise never, under any circumstances, to touch liquor. "It is your safety," he said. "Unless you make this resolution, and have the strength to keep it, the odds will be fatally against you, for, like myself, you are easily influenced by others. If I thought that to-morrow you were to take your first drink, I should pray to God that you might die to-day.'

'Of course, I promised. He had never talked to me in that way before, and, of course, it made an impression on me. I was frightened, and for several years I kept my promise. Then I went with some other young fellows on an all-day fishing trip. While we were eating our luncheon one of our number, a boy whom we all admired, took a bottle of whiskey from his pocket, drank from it, and passed it to his next neighbor. The bottle went round the circle, for no one dared to refuse to follow George Reitz's lead. When it came to me, I tried to pass it on without drinking, but the others began to tease and ridicule me, until from sheer cowardice I took the drink. A second and a third followed, and I began to realize that I liked the stuff, and wanted more of it. My father's warning flashed across my mind:

'"If you take one drink, you may be forever lost!"

'The rest of the day passed wretchedly enough, and I was glad when it was time to start for home. When I reached the house I found that my father, whom I had left in good health in the morning, was lying at the point of death. He had had a sudden attack of heart disease. They told me he was very anxious to see me alone, and with a breaking heart I entered his room.

'He could not move and could hardly speak, but as I took his hand and bowed my head upon it, crying, he smiled tenderly and lovingly on me. When I grew calmer he spoke, although the effort was pitiful to witness:

'"Be strong—mother's sake— my sake — kiss me."

'As I bent down to kiss him he noticed the odor of liquor in my breath. I shall never forget the look of agony of despair in his eyes.

'"My poor—lost—boy!" he groaned; and these were his last words.

'Since that day, God helping me, I have never touched a drop of liquor. But I know my weakness. I don't dare to expose myself to temptation, and I never knowingly go where liquor is to be used. This morning, while the provision waggon was being loaded, I saw that some one had sent along a case of whiskey. Forgive me, boys; I'm not preaching nor finding fault with you, but you see now why I can't go.'

'You can go and you shall go,' spoke up the judge, who had provided the case of liquor, 'for the whiskey is going to stay here.' So the lawyer went, and a jollier, healthier, happier outing none of the men ever had.—'Youth's Companion.'

Who Pays the Saloon Tax?

The saloon-keeper doesn't pay it. He produces nothing. As far as he is concerned he has nothing to pay it with. Who pays it then? Those who can least afford it and those from whom it ought to be least expected. The drunkard's family pays the saloon tax. See the poor woman, pale and wan and wretched, wearing her life out over the washboard. What is she doing? She is paying the tax. See the little boy going along the street half-clad, with his feet protruding through the holes in his shoes, and with degradation written on every line of his face. What is he doing? He is paying the saloon tax. Equity is a great word in the law, and in the constitution of the State. Is there any equity about that? We have boards for the equalization of taxes. What is the board to do in such a case as that? What can conscientious voters do in the matter but vote dry?—'American Issue.'

General Fred Grant's Rule.

General Fred D. Grant has authorized the following statement: 'Tell young men that I do not drink a drop of liquor; have not for eighteen years. I am afraid to drink it. I tried to drink with extreme moderation, because I know that alcohol is the worst poison; but I found it was an absolute impossibility to drink moderately. Because moderate drinking is a practical impossibility, I became an absolute teetotaler,—a crank, if you please. Ninety-five per cent. of desertions and acts of lawlessness in the army are due to drink. If I had the greatest appointive powers in the country, no man would get even the smallest appointment from me unless he showed proof of his absolute teetotalism. As it is, of my own appointees, the members of my staff, not one of them touches a drop. They know better.'—The Rev. William S. C. Webster, Andover, N. J. From 'The Interior.'

Religious Notes.

The recent earthquake has left homeless the people and missionaries of Bitlis, Turkey. The poor people have not recovered from the massacre, and now, oppressed by the Turk, laden with unjust taxation, suffering famine through prices four times higher than usual, they are encamped in the snow. Immediate assistance is urgently requested from Mr. W. W. Peet, of Constantinople, treasurer of the American Mission.

Those who have known of the heroic missionary and relief work of the Rev. and Mrs. R. M. Cole, Miss Nellie Cole, and the Misses Charlotte and Mary Ely, will need no urging to lend a helping hand. Mr. Cole, a partial invalid from a fall received last year while on a tour to succor the refugees in the Moush region, has bravely remained at his post waiting for reinforcements before leaving for America.

The Misses Ely, graduates of Mt. Holyoke, have built a Mt. Holyoke in Bitlis amid the mountains of Kurdistan, often touring in the winter on snow-sleds among the villages where their pupils are working as teachers, Bible-readers and pastors' wives. With their buildings and industries destroyed, what shall these missionaries do with their pupils and orphans whom they have sheltered and trained? How shall they meet the refugees crowding around them?

The Bitlis station was established some 50 years ago, literally speaking, in 1859. It has in the valley in which it is situated, as a rule, but one missionary and his wife, but there were others there at this time. It is built on a rocky slope 5,000 feet above the sea, and the horses are confined to their stables in the winter, which lasts many months of the year. The population of this place is of Kurds, Armenians, and Turks. The American Board has here 250 church-members, besides an industrial plant and the usual accompaniments of a mission station.—'Missionary Review of Reviews.'

After forty-five years of missionary service, the Rev. W. Miller, M.A.D., C.I.E., is retiring to Scotland at the age of sixty-nine years. As a student he stood the first of his year in the university, and on coming out to Madras speedily acquired the reputation of a teacher of rare genius. He not only taught, but he planned education with statesmanlike comprehension, and may, without exaggeration, be called the greatest educationist India has had. Scorning to compare the Free Church Institution and College with the Presidency College, he quickly, by sheer teaching power and force of character, raised it well above the government institution. He conceived the idea of a united Christian college for all the educational missions, and the Madras Christian College, first and greatest of its class, was the result. Consistently from the commencement of his career, Doctor Miller has admitted that his calling as an educational missionary is inferior to the calling of evangelical missionaries. He has rendered great services to the government, which have been worthily acknowledged; and public estimation has expressed itself in the form of the only statue erected to the honor of a missionary in India.—'The Star of India.'

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Innes Wright write that mission work has now been carried on for over nine years at Sukhia Pokhri, a small village on the Himalayas, in the Darjeeling district. This village stands at an elevation of 7,200 feet, and is within three miles of the frontier of Nepal, an independent native state containing over 3,000,000 people, among whom there are no resident missionaries, the country being closed to Europeans. The object of our mission is to reach with the Gospel the Nepalis, many of whom come to the weekly bazaar held at Sukhai Pokhri. Evangelistic meetings are held in the hall in the bazaar, or when on tour, the attendance at which exceeds 100,000. Many of these Nepalis had never before heard of Christ. All who attend the Gospel meetings receive medicine free of charge. Since the commencement medical help has been given to over 100,000, of whom considerable numbers have come long distances from the interior of Nepal. Gospels are sold and mission tours undertaken during the cold season, meetings being held and medicine given on the way.—'Missionary Review of Reviews.'

LITTLE FOLKS

"The Little Girl Next Door."

For Very Little Readers.

Mardie was a loving little thing, she was fond of almost everybody. She loved Father and Mother and Robin, her big brother, and all her dolls, and even the baker's ugly dog that was always growling and had only one ear. So Mardie really loved very nearly everybody. But there was one person in the world that Mardie did not like, and that was the little girl next door.

The oddest thing was, that it was just because Mardie was always told that the little girl next door was such a very nice little girl that Mardie did not like her. If Mardie had an egg for breakfast, and dropped a little—just a very little—of that nasty yolk that stains so, on her clean pinafore, then Jessie, Mardie's nurse, would be sure to say,—

'Oh, fie, Miss Margaret! The little girl next door always eats nicely, and keeps herself tidy.'

Or, if Mardie was very sleepy, and did not think she really could pack all her bricks up in her box, but wanted to tumble them in anyhow, so that the lid would not fit, and some bricks tumbled out again, then Jessie would say,—

'Oh, but the little girl next door always put her toys away before she goes to bed.'

It was the same with everything. Mardie wondered how Jessie knew that the little girl next door actually liked having her hair brushed, even when there were tangles in it, and that she never bit the tops of her gloves, or gave her dolls medicine in her nurse's thimble and then forgot where she had put it.

The most provoking thing of all was that sometimes if Mardie cried, which, of course, was very seldom, and only when she was obliged, Jessie would pretend that it was not Mardie crying at all, but the little girl next door. So Mardie did not like that little girl at all.

Mardie went to the seaside in summer. She went to a house that stood by itself in a little garden, so that no other house touched it; and when Mardie woke up and peeped out on the first morning, she thought to herself—

'I like the sea and the sand and the shells; and there isn't any next door, so there can't be any little girl there.'

Jessie took her work and went down on the beach with Mardie. Father had bought Mardie a spade before she left home, and Mardie made a sand castle and put her doll in it for a queen, and pebbles for soldiers. Then Mardie dug a deep well, because an army was coming to besiege the castle, and the soldiers would want water. But when the well was ready, Mardie found she had no bucket to fetch water in, as all the other children did when they dug wells.

'You must ask Mother to buy you one, Miss Margaret,' said Jessie; but Jessie was so stupid, she could not understand how badly Mardie wanted the bucket that minute.

Mardie went back to her castle. Close by it a little girl was very busy, building another castle. That little girl had a bucket, and she did not want it just then. Mardie went a little nearer. Perhaps the little girl would lend it to her. She looked up when Mardie came. It was the little girl from next door!

Mardie looked at the little girl, and the little girl looked at her. At last the little girl said very slowly,—

'I should like to play with you, only——'

'Only what?' asked Mardie.

'Only Kate says you're so dreadfully good!'

'Well, I never!' said Mardie, which was what Jessie said when she was surprised. Very soon Mardie and Rose—that was the little girl's name—were playing happily together, with Rose's brothers and sister. When Mardie went home she told Mother all about it, and Mother said,—

'Well, Mardie, you see how it is; both you and Rosie will have to be dreadfully good!' But whether they have been so good at all, that I have not heard.—L. F. F., in 'Sunday Reading.'

Don't You Know.

A little rain, and a little sun,
And a little pearly dew,
And a pushing up and a reaching out,
The leaves and tendrils all about:
Ah, that's the way the flowers grow,
Don't you know?
A little work and a little play,
And lots of quiet sleep;
A cheerful heart, and a sunny face,
And lessons learned, and things in place:
Ah, that's the way the children grow,
Don't you know?
—'Little Men and Women.'

Their Picnic Luncheon.

(By Emma C. Dowd, in 'SS. Times.')

Daphne Parker and Bessie Meyers started on their picnic in high glee. The day was sunshiny, and the air was just cool enough.

'Everything would be perfect, if only Sarah Scott could have gone too,' said Daphne. 'But it will be lovely, as it is! Mama has given me two of the dearest little turnovers, and four nut sandwiches and a half-dozen cookies.'

'I have two little frosted cup cakes and two oranges and two bananas and two boiled eggs and two rolls, chirped Bessie, delightedly. 'Sha'n't we have a splendid lunch? More than we can eat, I guess; we can feed the birds with what is left.'

The two friends had planned to spend the day at Washington Park, promising to be at home by five o'clock. Besides having a merry holiday, they hoped to find some blue gentians in a little brook valley just beyond the park.

They waited and waited for a trolley car, and finally walked along, thinking it would overtake them. But for some reason it was belated, and they went on and on, till they reached a part of the city that was little known to them. It was evidently peopled by poor families, for the houses were old and shabby, and most of the folks they met looked old and shabby, too. Even the children did not seem young, their faces were so pale and thin. Finally they came upon a girl of about their age who was crying. She had with her a smaller child, who stared at the two as they passed.

'I wonder what's the matter,' whispered Bessie.

'Let's ask her,' whispered back Daphne.

'I'm so hungry!' sobbed the little girl.

'Haven't you had your breakfast?' enquired Bessie.

The tousled head shook mournfully.

'She giv' her crust to the baby,' put in the other. 'The' wa'n't only two. I'd e't mine, I was s' hungry. Ma didn' have none.'

Daphne looked at Bessie; Bessie nodded.

Then off came the covers of both baskets, and you ought to have seen the eyes of those children as the goodies were first spied.

The girl at once hushed her sobs, and quickly breaking Daphne's turn-over in two, she handed half to her companion.

'Oh, don't!' Daphne protested; 'I've another for her.'

'I ain't her!' was the scornful cry; 'I'm him!'

'Oh, excuse me!' Daphne hurried to say, glancing at the skirt which came to the boy's ankles.

'I ain't got no trousers!' he scowled. But his face at once brightened under the influence of the turn-over. 'This's gay!' he shouted.

Two sandwiches, the eggs, and the oranges followed the little pies, and the children went on with lighter baskets and happier hearts.

Suddenly Bessie stopped short. 'We did'nt give them anything for their poor mother and the baby!' she said.

Daphne looked back. The girl had disappeared.

'I guess she's carried 'em some. But there won't be enough. Let's give 'em some more! I'm not hungry; are you?'

Bessie wasn't, and when the girls left the children the second time there was only a cookie in one basket and a banana in the other.

Merrily they ate their lunch in one of the little groves of the park; but they found that half a banana and half a cookie was not enough to satisfy the appetite of a robust little girl, and this was why they reached home before the appointed hour—they had been too hungry to stay longer. But their hands were full of blue gentians and their faces were radiant. It had been 'such a lovely day!' they said.

Charlie's Book.

'Mother,' said little Charlie, 'Will Harnin says that his mother writes books. Is it very hard to write a book?'

'I don't know, I'm sure,' said his mother.

'I'm going to write a book,' said this small man.

Just then the door bell rang, and Charlie's mother went to see a caller. When she came back he was sitting on her footstool, busily writing.

'Now, mother,' said Charlie, 'I'm done with my book.'

'No, you are not done. God has given you a book to write. I hope that it is a long one, full of beautiful stories.'

'What is the name of my book!' he asked.

'It's name is 'Charlie's Life.' You can write only one page a day, and you must be very careful not to make any black marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry, that smears your page; and when you help mother and keep a bright face and don't quarrel with Robbie, that makes a nice, fair page, with pretty pictures on it.'

'When shall I be done writing that book?' asked Charlie.

'When God sees that it is long enough he will send an angel to shut its covers, and put a clasp on it until the great day, when all our life books are opened and read.'

Charlie sat very still for awhile, and then said softly, 'Dear little Lucy finished writing her book when they put her in the white casket and laid the white roses over her.'

'Yes,' said his mother; 'her life book was just a little hymn of praise to God. Its pages were clean and white, with no stains on them.'—'Zion's Watchman.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Correspondence

T. M., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I liked the story of Gulliver's Travels very much. My father and brother lumber in winter ,and farm in summer. In the spring, when the drivers are here, there is a man who cooks. When they make floods on the dam we can see them lift the gates, and see the foam and the waves. When the logs go through they stand on their ends because the flood is so rough.

MAGGIE EVANS.

[Your riddles have been asked before, Maggie.—Ed.]

S., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have had a very cold spring. I have one grandmother living; she is 95 years of age, and yet she can spin. We have ducks, geese, hens, and turkeys. We have no Sunday school now. I like to go to school very much, and am in the third grade. I will close with a riddle.

It's true I have both face and hands, and move before your eye, and when I go my body stands, and when I stand I lie?

MARGART S. MacDONALD.

E. P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write you a letter. I take your paper and enjoy reading it very much. I am ten years of age. I go to school all the time, and like my teacher very much. I live near the shore. The Halifax and Yarmouth trains go by every day. I have one sister and two brothers. My father goes in the coast guard. This is the first letter I ever wrote to be published.

SADIE E. NEWELL.

P. B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in the village of P. B., N.S. I am in the 6th book, and 6th grade at school. I like going to school. We are having our vacation now. I live by the sea, and love to watch the boats ,especially the steamboats that call at the Government Wharf, built near my home.

We have a very nice Sunday School here, and I get the 'Northern Messenger' there. I like it very much. I have no brothers and sisters, and I get lonely sometimes.

RAYMOND A. TAYLOR.

M. B., Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy 12 years old, and live on a farm not far from the river. I have two brothers, one is 20 years old, and the other 17 years. Our school closed on Friday, and we had a picnic. I am in the fourth book, and like going to school very well. I have been out picking berries these last three days, and got quite a few. But I do not like picking strawberries as well as blackberries.

M. HUGH McNICOL.

D., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and no brothers. I live on a farm, and ride two miles to school on horseback. I have a pony named 'Sandy.'

One day I went to town and saw 500 buffaloes. We have 63 sheep and 20 lambs. We are milking 13 cows. I milk 3, my sister milks three, and papa milks 7. My sister's name is Mary, she is 16. I am 13 years old.

JULIA MEEKER.

B. C., Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I enjoy reading it very much. My mother enjoys it too, especially for the patterns and recipes. I live on a small farm. I am organist in the Methodist Sunday school, and I am trying to do the best I can. We have a practice every Thursday afternoon for Sunday school. Our Sunday school was invited by the E. B. Sunday school to join them in a picnic, on July 10, on Lake Memphremagog, on the steamer 'Lady of the Lake.' I live three and a half miles from Potton Sulphur Springs. The C. M. R. passes by our place to the Springs, and on to Mansonville. I have just one brother he is twelve years old. He has for pets five little hound puppies, and two doves. I have a dog, and kitten. The dog I call Bose, and the kitten I call Snowball; he is lying in my lap as I am writing now, fast asleep. I have an organ, and take music lessons. I love my organ and music very much.

UNA E. PEASLEY.

M. J., Sask.

Dear Editor,—When I wrote before I had only lived in the West a short time, and didn't think much of it, but now I like it much better. I have one sister and one brother. My brother and I go to school whenever we can. We haven't been away one day since school started, and I am going to try to go every day this year. We all like our new teacher very much. She isn't at all cross.

For pets I have a big black dog called 'Watch,' a puppy called 'Sailor,' and a kittie called Trixy. Trixy and Watch play together most of the time, but Sailor doesn't like him at all.

MABEL MOSS.

St. J., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I hope you won't think I am too old to write to your paper, for I notice that most of your correspondents are 12 and 13 years, and I am 16. I have been attending the St. J. Business College for some months past, and I shall have to go all summer. I am going to be bookkeeper and stenographer for my father, who is a machinist and engineer. His place of business is situated very near the water, and we can see the river boats coming in and going out, at all times of the day. I have taken the 'Messenger' for some years, and find the correspondence page very interesting.

BESSIE McWILLIAMSON.

C., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy ten years old. I go to school, and am in the Fifth Grade. I am working examples in decimals. I live on a farm. We have an engine that we thresh, grind and saw with. We have a windmill and a separator. We have had the hay-presser, and pressed nineteen tons. It was at our place one week.

CLEMENT G. EATON.

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have written to the 'Messenger' twice before, and sent drawings. Did any of the members ever notice that when they sent a drawing and a letter, both were never published, so I guess I will just send a letter this time. I never see any letters from around here in the paper. They are all from the West. Papa was thinking about taking us all out West one time, but I guess he got sick of the place, for he has been out twice, and he is putting some more on to our house now. I am very glad he did not go.

Now, Mr. Editor, I think as there are so many writing to you that you might do us a favor by putting your picture in the paper, so we could know what you look like, and like you better. A friend of mine takes the 'Messenger.' Her name is Viola Ward. Have you ever seen a letter from her? If not, I will persuade her to write, too.

BEATRICE BOULTER.

[You make a little mistake about the drawings and letters sent together, Beatrice. Both may be published unless the drawing is on the back of the letter, when one of them has to be left out. As to our correspondents, we are glad to have just about as many in the East as in the West. About the Editor's picture—just think up the very nicest looking portrait you can, and call it by that name. Poor conceit is very sad to say you will likely be much better pleased, than with the real article. By all means tell Viola to write.—Ed.]

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—I have lived in the city all my life, and I think there is no place like home. I have two sisters, and one brother. We have a large garden, which is filled with all kinds of vegetables and flowers. Through the winter we have flowers growing in our conservatory. We had ten Easter lilies, with over five blossoms on them; they are lovely flowers, I think, And the roses—we have lots of bushes of them growing in our yard. I am very fond of nature study, and everybody ought to be, Don't you think so?

GLADYS PENNOCK.

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm of 100 acres, and I am eight years of age this August. I have four brothers and four sisters. One of my sisters is writing this for me, as I cannot write very well. We have two horses that are brothers, and we like them very much. Papa is talking of selling them for $400, but we would sooner have them than the money. I am very glad holidays have at last come, and I suppose the rest of the members are too.

MARY BOULTER.

OTHER LETTERS.

Nina Hickey, P., N.B., asks for the address of one of the correspondents. We do not keep any letters after they are published, so of course we have not got the address, Nina.

Sarah I. Sobey, P., N.B., has six sisters, and one of them, Caroline, also wrote a little letter. There must be a great many things you can write about, Caroline and Sarah, so don't make your letters so short next time you write.

We also had a little letter from Percy A. Hart, C., Ont.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'House.' Bessie J. Nichol, H., Ont.
2. 'Up you Go.' A. L. P. (aged 10), Peterborough.
3. 'Little Boy.' Mamie Hetherington, C., N.B.
4. 'Flower.' Percy A. Hart (aged 8), C., Ont.
5. 'Soldier Joe.' S. T. Luther (aged 14), O., P. Q.
6. 'A Husky Traindog.' S. B. Field, Q. P., Sask.
7. 'Flower.' Mabel Shoup, W., Ont.
8. 'Chicken.' E. Smith (aged 13), O., Man.
9. 'Modern Locomotive.' Cuttey Pentland (aged 11), L., Ont.
10. 'Sailing.' L. Mason (aged 9), Toronto.
11. 'Lemonade Set.' B. V. H. C. (aged 10), Forest Glen, N.B.
12. 'Delivery Locomobile.' Olive Pentland (aged 9), L., Ont.

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HOUSEHOLD.

Somebody's Boy.

List to the ring of the midnight song;
'Tis somebody's boy.
The winds give to every wild echo a tongue,
Yes, somebody's boy.

The witch of the revel has waved her wand
Over somebody's boy;
And the spirit of evil has clasped the hand
Of somebody's boy.

Comes now a yell on the midnight air,
From somebody's boy;
Reckless, defiant and devil-may-care,
Is somebody's boy!

Foul is the bed—madly dark the dank cell,
Where somebody's boy
Is writhing in torture, the veriest hell—
Yet, somebody's boy.

Waiting and watching, a mother's eyes weep
For somebody's boy.
The vigil, dear Father, O help her to keep!
For somebody's boy.

Throw 'round him, and over, thy Spirit to save,
This somebody's boy;
Ere fiends for his lost soul shall hollow the grave
Of somebody's boy.

Fill with thy Spirit, too, our hearts, we pray',
That somebody's boy
We may watch for, and snatch from the death-trodden way
Yes, somebody's boy.

—Mrs. E. P. Miller, in 'Mother Truth's Melodies.'

Fruit Syrups.

FOR PLAIN FRUIT JUICE.—The following rule is given for preparing fruit juices for general purposes. Heat the ripe fruit slowly until you can mash and strain out the juices as for jelly. Put the juices in a preserving kettle, and bring slowly to boiling point, then skim carefully and allow to simmer for fifteen minutes. To each quart of juice add quarter pint of granulated sugar. Cook slowly for ten minutes, then seal in bottles or pint glass jars.

RASBERRY SYRUP.—When red raspberries are used, a fine syrup is obtained by using one-third red currants to two-thirds red raspberries. Make a syrup of a pound of granulated sugar and pint of water. When it clears boil gently for fifteen minutes, then add a pint of the juice from the two fruits, after straining. Cover and let simmer for twenty-minutes, then seal in bottles while hot. A little more sugar may be allowed if you desire a richer syrup.

SYRUP OF STRAWBERIES.—For every pint of clear strawberry juice allow following syrup: Put two cups (one pound) of granulated sugar in a saucepan with half pint of water and cook without stirring until it will make a soft ball when dropped in ice cold water. Cover and cook slowly for fifteen minutes. Seal while hot.

CHERRY SYRUP.—Stone the ripe red cherries, crush a few of the stones and add the pits to the fruit, heat until soft enough to squeeze out the juice through a jelly bag, measure, and to every quart of juice allow one pint of sugar. Put in a kettle over the fire, and boil ten minutes, skimming if necessary. Seal up in bottles or jars.

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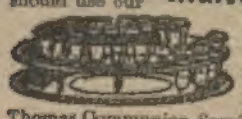

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